

A ROSE OF NORMANDY

WILLIAM R. A. WILSON

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

There was silence for a moment.

Duchess, still smarting after the

defeat in the council chamber, ex-

claimed with a muttered oath:

"Our plans go wrong at every point,

despite our efforts." Then stamping

his foot angrily, "Mon Dieu! the gov-

ernor's power increases daily. The

success of the expedition of La Salle

will redound to his glory and make

him more arrogant and insufferable

than ever."

"And our fur supply cut off and the

trade destroyed," wailed another.

"His efforts must be frustrated," re-

sponded Duchesneau, who had suddenly

conceived a plan, "but each of you

must do his share."

"I shall send a trusted member of the

order with La Salle who will warn

the Indians against him," the man ex-

claimed.

"And I shall see that among his men

there shall be a sufficient number de-

voted to our interest to cause his fail-

ure, perhaps instigate a mutiny at the

proper moment; he may never come

back," was the significant rejoinder

of another conspirator.

"But remember, no violence," cried

the priest in alarm.

The priest, who was none other than

Laval, bishop of Quebec, feeling that

the lateness of the hour, the secret

meeting, and the lonely place were not

befitting the dignity of his position,

grew impatient and interposed.

"It grows late," he said, "and I have

a vigil to keep before sunrise. I must

be gone. Our plans are formed; let

each supply the details of his part,"

and muffled up his face, he disap-

peared around the corner of the mag-

azine.

Duchesneau waited until he was sure

of the bishop's departure, then mut-

tered after his retreating figure: "No

violence, Monsieur l'Evêque, but if La

Salle should have trouble with the

savages and an arrow or bullet find its

way into his carcass, we should not be

to blame."

"But how will you secure M. Tontil?"

asked his companion. "He is devoted

to La Salle and cannot be bought."

"With gold, no. But what always

succeeds when money fails?"

"You mean—"

"Yes, a woman."

"Who?"

"Leave that to me; that is my af-

fair. See that you do your duty. Bon

soir! Be ready to meet me again at

any time."

So saying, the intendante took his

way homeward. A moment later the

spot was deserted.

The moon sank slowly towards her

goal; the witchery of her light en-

veloped all the earth, making it a strange,

weird world. And, as though in keep-

ing with the uncanny hour and place,

behold a miracle! for soon after the

departure of the last member of the

midnight council, the log lying within

two spaces of the spot where stood the

three intriguers moved, stirred, arose,

and, stretching arms and cramped

legs, stole quietly away, muttering:

"The night time is a cloak for sinners.

Mon Dieu! many enemies, much hon-

or."

Day was stealing in at the windows

of the chateau when Tontil was aroused

by a slight touch on the forehead, and

opening his eyes, was for the moment

startled at the strangeness of his

tary, and Bizard, lieutenant of his

guard, Du Lhut, leader of the coureurs-

de-bois, and La Salle, together with

a majority of the council and most of

the common people; the other, headed

by the intendante Duchesneau, consists

of a few members of the council, Le

Moyne and his sons, Jacques Le Ber,

and several other fur-merchants, the

Bishop Laval, together with all the

Order of the Jesuits. The quarrel be-

tween the two leaders is one due to

their official positions: the intendante

is jealous of the powers granted to

the governor and writes continually

complaints of his actions; the gov-

ernor in turn is jealous of the intend-

ante, regarding him as a spy upon his

movements. Then, too, Frontenac is

in secret sympathy with the outlawed

coureurs-de-bois, and is lax in his ef-

forts to apprehend and punish them.

He has an eye to the profits they make

in trade, and undoubtedly shares in

them.

"Cospetto!" cried Tontil, "how much

you have learned in so short a time."

"There is more to tell yet," contin-

ued Pompon. "Duchéneau in turn is

interested in the profits of a certain

group of traders here and at Montreal,

of whom Jacques Le Ber is at the

head; hence an additional reason for

his hatred of the governor and the

desire to thwart his plans. The

Jesuits look with disfavor on the ex-

ploration plans of Frontenac and La

Salle, claiming that they would mean

the ruin of the Indian tribes they wish

to convert, and whom they claim are



"I MUST RETURN."

ies will do all they can to hinder our

success. Listen. After making love to

the pretty Marie, about ten o'clock,

as I was lying on one of the benches

at the tavern thinking over all that

had been told me, a man entered the

room, which was empty save for my-

self, and after looking about carefully

and seeing only me, asleep and snoring,

with an empty glass near me on the

table, he sat down as though awaiting

some one. All are not asleep who have

their eyes shut, however, so although

I continued with my drunken snores,

my ears were open. Soon another

man entered and they commenced a

conversation of seeming serious im-

portance. I caught the words "magazine,"

"midnight," "Monsieur l'Evêque," before

they left. I was awake in an instant.

I felt it my duty to be present at any

midnight meeting they might have.

Making my way to the spot an hour

before the time appointed, I rolled my-

self in a cloak, and, lying on the

ground, I threw a lot of dried leaves

and earth over me, hoping to escape

detection. I was almost discovered,

however. At midnight three men

came, whom I learned from their con-

versation were the intendante—"

"Ventre-saint-gris!" exclaimed Ton-

til in astonishment.

"Laval, bishop of Quebec."

"And—"

"And Jacques Le Ber, the fur-trader

from Montreal."

"Corne du diable! Our worst en-

emies! What did they say?"

"They vowed vengeance on Frontenac

and intend to strike at him through

La Salle."

Pompon then related the details of

the plans he had overheard. Tontil

laughed heartily. "Peste!" said he,

"but the game is a pretty one. So a

woman is to win my favor and make

a traitor of me? Parbleu! there is one

woman," he murmured, "but—per Dio!

not even for my Rose would I be false

to a trust."

"I spent the rest of the night," con-

tinued Pompon, "walking up and down

along the edge of the river seeking a

plan by which to foil their purpose; I

have not formed one yet, so we must

simply watch for the next move of the

enemy. I must return, as it is now

full day and some early riser might

not understand my leaving by a win-

dow. Tell La Salle as much of the

matter as you think best. For my

part, I believe he had best remain

ignorant; he can help him better so."

And with this word Pompon put his

leg over the window-sill and dropped

lightly to the ground.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEVOTED TO CUPID AND HIS

ARCHERY PRACTICE.

Bright and crisp dawned the autu-

mnal day. Sounds of unusual excite-

ment in the lower town greeted the

ears of the two comrades as they started

out from the chateau in search of

Frontenac. They met him in front of

the cathedral, in company with a

young woman dressed as near the Paris

fashion of the previous year as the

exigencies of the climate and place

permitted. The governor halted them

with a hearty "Bon jour, Messieurs!

How has your first night in the wil-

derness passed?" Then turning to his

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK

Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

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The Bad Boy Feeds Cayenne Pepper to

the Sacred Cow—He and His Pa

Ride in a Circus Parade with the

Circusian Beauties—A Tipsey Ele-

phant Lands Them in a Public

Fountain—Pa Makes the Acquaint-

ance of John L. Sullivan.

I am learning more about animals

every day, and when the season is over

I will be an expert animal man. Ani-

mals naturally have a language of

their own, and lions understand each

other, and bears can converse with

bears, but in a show, all animals seem

to have a common language, so they

understand each other a little.

I found that out when I put a paper

of cayenne pepper into a head of let-

tuce and gave it to the sacred cow.

She chewed the lettuce as peacefully

as could be, and swallowed the

cayenne pepper, and then stopped to

think. You could tell by the expres-

sion on her face that when the pepper

began to heat her up inside she want-

ed to swear, although she was a sacred

cow. She humped herself, and shiv-

ered, and then bellowed like a calf

who has been left in the barn to be

weaned, while its mother goes out to

pasture, and the sacred bull, her hus-

band, he came and put his nose up

to her nose, as much as to say: "What

is the matter, dearie?" and she talked

sacred cattle talk to him for a min-

ute, and then the bull turned to me

and chased me out of the tent. Now,

as sure as you live that cow told the

bull that I had given her something

hot. All the animals within hearing

were on to me, and they would snarl

and make noises when I came along,

and act as though they wanted to

make me understand that they knew

I gave that cow a hot box, and they

wanted to get a chance at me.

They don't like pa any better than

they do me, and the big elephant seems

to have been laying for pa ever since

he run the sarp iron into him. The

time he got on a tear and tried to run

to town. When the elephants are per-

forming in the ring, they all have an

eye on pa, so everybody notices it. I

knew something would happen to pa, so

was all gone. I looked down from the

pagoda and told pa the elephant was

drinking again, and had drunk a wash-

tub of beer, but pa couldn't say any-

thing, "cause he was doing the Arab-

sheik act, and had to look dignified, as

though he was praying to Allah.

But just then the band struck up,

and we started down the main street

of Steubenville. The people began to

cheer, "cause our elephant began to

hippy-hop, and wait sideways

across the street and back again, and

I thought pa would die. In the parade

one man on a horse attends to the

elephants, so the sheiks don't have any

thing to say, and pa remained like a

statue, and told me and the Circusian

beauties to be calm, and trust in him

and Allah. This Allah business was

all right when the elephant waited,

but when we got to the next block the

beast began to stand on his hind feet,

and pa and the k-u-ris rolled to the



The Elephant Kept Ducking Pa and Swabbing Out the Bottom of the

Fountain.

hind quarters and stand on his front

feet, right by the side of a big foun-

tain, and he reached in his